

THE POET OF ANGLICANISM

V[^]/hurch. To be summoned reluctantly
from a bear-
hunt in the garden; to walk, washed and
brushed, across a
sunny heath, full of the wicked enjoying
themselves, into
a white solemnity of neo-Gothic; to sit beneath
a covey of
uncomfortable saints in stained glass of 1880
(St. Augus-
tine of Hippo, who sounded ridiculous; St.
Hilary of
Poitiers, who looked like a papist); to read
for the thou-
sandth rime the red letters below: 'Unto
Thee Cherubim
and Seraphim continually do cry* (how the
heart saiik
to think what Heaven must be like!); to
watch a little
militandy round man polishing his pince-nez
on his sur-
plice, while he denounced a perverted
world that pre-
ferred to listen to 'the braying of a brass
band'; or a gaunt,
bearded man who unfolded with a sombre
satisfaction
the mystical symmetries of Providence—how
'Man was
lost in a garden, Eden, and redeemed in a
garden, Geth-
semane' (that was rather fascinating); to pass,
years after,
escaped from school and hot with riding,
out of the
Warwickshire sunlight into a sudden silence,
heavy with
the dust of generations, and broken only by
the great
heart-beat of the clock high up the tower; to
climb the
cra2y belfry-ladder, up through bells and
birds'-nests,
until the world of sunlight re-appeared, with
the mowers
among the tombs below, and all the hushed

green happi-
ness of an English June; to stand, years later
still, by an
open grave, listening to the passionate
protests 'of the
Apostle against mortality, while round the
summer sky-
line rolled the indifferent mutter of the guns.

Such are the pictures that the pages of
George Herbert
always call to memory for me; tragic or
lovely or ridiculous—he has counterparts for all of them.
No English